

636 A S<sup>A</sup>LUTATORTfr PoEM TO  
THE[? Jmf

And oft, poor fool, she totally did pray  
Withouten ceasing, utter the whole  
throughout  
To th'admiration of the gazing rout,  
I cannot deem it now gulling toy  
Which VENNARD (inspired!) entitled  
*England's Joy*;  
*I* rather guess he did our good divine,  
Nor daring to disclose 't before full time.  
Be bold ! go on! Now's thy presaging  
plain !  
King JAMES is *England's Joy*, long hoped for  
gain\*  
That it is he, who cannot easily prove!  
Sith it is only he, we only love.  
"Tis he that *England's Joy* did first awake,  
After sad sorrowing for ELIZA'S sake.  
Then reck no clownish frumps ! regard  
them nought!  
Banish such fooleries from thy purer  
thought!  
We know the fruit sprung from  
foreknowing pen,  
" King JAMES is *England's Joy* ! " Say all "  
Amen !"  
Tokens of *England's Joy*, who list to seek  
That night might find strawed in London  
street,  
Making the night, a day; Phoebe, a sun,  
This was the first sign when our *Joy*  
began :  
Continued still t'England's eternal good,  
In the happy issue of your royal blood.  
Make haste to make us happy, worthy  
King !  
Our Muse desires to write th'enthronizing  
At famous Westminster, in thy Elders'  
Chair;  
Where England's peers will yield our  
Crown to th'heir,  
To th'heir legitimate, yourself, dread  
Sovereign!  
Wishing your happy and victorious reign.  
Besides a Trine of Kingdoms are your own  
Possess them all! possessing England's  
crown,  
France, and foward Ireland, with our  
English land,  
Are feal subjects to your royal hand.  
Besides, your sacred Self doth bring with  
you,